-Miss Wong Jing Ying Is the Eldest Daughter of Chinese Imperial Vice Commissioner General to Louisiana Purchase Expositionand Sah Fok Kyinn Is the Son of Admiral Sah of the Imperial Navy.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Miss Wong Jing Ying, the eldest daughter of the Chinese Imperial Vice Commissioner General to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and Sah Fok Kyinn, a son of Admiral Sah of the Imperial Chinese Navy, are engaged to be married

The young couple came to St. Louis with Commissioner Wong and Mr. Sah is living with his prospective father-in-law at the Imperial Commissioner's residence on Good-

fellow evenue. The engagement was arranged two years ago, according to the Chinese custom, by the parents of the young couple, and the wedding will take place four years from next

Miss Wong is a typical Chinese girl. She is only 13 years old and does not know

what the term "courtship" means. Sah Fok Kyinn is 17 years old. He had no voice in the family councils that resulted in his engagement with Miss

Wong, but, according to the custom of his country, he is legally bound to marry Miss

The difference between a Chinese and an American engagement is that the former can be broken only for one reason-infidelity,

Attired in silks and satins, as though intrusted with an important state mission, a friend of two families who desire that their progeny shall be united in marriage ceremoniously visits the fathers of the eligible Chinese boy and girl. With the dignity bred by thousands of

years of Oriental civilization the father of the prospective bride or groom receives his visitor, and after the customary cup of tea the question of the marriage is diplomaticthe question of the marriage is diplomatically breached.

the preliminaries have been arranged the boy and girl, in many cases mere children. are acquainted by their parents that they are engaged. On the day that the engagement is for-

vites many friends to an elaborate feast. On the same day and at the same hour the friends of the father of the groom are guests at a similar entertainment. These betrothal dinners are very core-

monious and the rooms are magnificently decorated. Prequently several hundred persons are entertained at each house. Before departing each guest congratulates

the father of the child who is to be married. The little one itself is neither congratulated nor consulted in any particular, either before or after the engagement. In this manner Miss Wong Jing Ying,

eldest daughter of the Chinese Imperial Vice Commissioner General to the Louisiana Exposition, was betrothed to Sah Fok Kyinn, son of Admiral Sah of the Imperial Chinese Navy, two years ago,

Miss Wong is 13 years old and Mr. Sah hold is not, as might be supposed, that of recently celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of his birth.

hold is not, as might be supposed, that of an accepted suitor.

He is here primarily to see the United To the American girl an engagement is a mere incident; in fact, there may be and

frequently are several such incidents before he marriage ceremony.

To the Chinese giri an engagement is a stern reality.

stern reality.

The courtship of an American girl requires tact,

A Chinese girl never knows the delights of being courted. Her courtship is done by her father, and she seldom sees her future husband before the marriage ceremony.

An American girl, displeased with her flance, breaks off the engagement.

A Chinese engagement can be broken only for one reason—infidelity. Miss Wong, however, is more fortunate

than her sisters in the Flowery Kingdom. She has now an opportunity to become ac-quainted with her future husband, as the young man is a member of her father's suite.

Contrary to general belief, the Chinese Contrary to general belief, the Chinese

The Chinese mald is brought up in the boller that self-effacement is one of the greatest virtues she can cultivate. Miss Wong is an upt pupil, and even in

this land of personal liberty her bashfulness is at once noticed.

Her father, a graduate of Yale University, wishes his family to conform as far

as possible to American customs while livmaily announced the father of the bride ining in this country, and Miss Wong is al-lewed practically unlimited freedom. The fittle girl's home life is but little different, however, than if she was still in the Orient. The teachings of centuries cannot be entirely eradicated in a day, and in the

presence of strangers, especially American men, she is obviously ill at ease. With the courtesy that is inbred in every Chinese of the higher class, Miss Wong tries to be agreeable and entertain her vis-itors, but her shyness is not easily con-quered.

Mr. Sah is like any American youth of the same age. He is bashful, and in com-mon with his American prototype avoids reference to his engagement.

His father was educated in England, and the young man speaks English fluently. He will complete his education in this country during the residence of the Wong family, Mr. San's position in the Wong house-

States and become familiar with Western civilization. Mr. Wong is more like a guardian of the young man than a prospec tive father-in-law.
Although denied the pleasurable uncertainty of an American courtship, little Miss

Wong seems entirely satisfied with her father's choice. Her flance is tall and slender and not bad to look upon. He has the suave Oriental traits of character that distinguish the upper class Chinaman, and a particularly intelligent face.



MISS WONG JING YING.

Eldest daughter of the Chinese Imperial Vice Commissioner General to the World's

SAR POK KYINN Sen of Admiral Sah of the Imperial Chinese Mays

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY: & BY FRANCIS LYNDE. >>

ENOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Roger Ireton was executed in 1761 by Governor
Tyron for his participation in the Regulators insurrection, and his caroline setate, Appleby Hundred, bestowed upon one Gilbert Stair. His son,
John Ireton, having till then served the King in
a regiment in England, threw up his commission
and took service with the Austrians. In 177 he
returned to the New World to see if, in the
returned to the New World to see if, in the
smalle-horn and looked about her as if to
get her bearings.

The little maid sat up straight on the
smalle-horn and looked about her as if to
get her bearings.

"Tstole away when I could, and that night
took horse and rode twenty miles to Tom
Sumter's camp at Flint Hill—all to little
small especially show the Major's present whereab
Sumter's camp at Flint Hill—all to little
small especially show the Major's present whereab
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small especially show the Major's present whereab
Summer's camp at Flint Hill—all to little
scamp the horn and looked about her as if to
set the bearings.

"That way," she said, pointing short to
the right, and I wheeled the horse into a
blind path that wound in and out among
the first man he meets is Eir Francis
Flatting and I wheeled the horse into a
blind path that volok horse and rode twenty miles to Tom
Sumter's camp at Flint Hill—all to little
scamp the flook horse and rode twenty miles to Tom
Sumter's camp at Flint Hill—all to little
scamp the flook horse and rode twenty miles to Tom
Sumter to the horse into a set little clary show the Major's p

a duel, in which Sir Francis wounds ireton taking an unfair advantage of the intervention of Margery Stair, the daughter of the intervention of Appiety, whither Ireton is taken by her orders. She nurses him, and he fails in love with her, honor bidding him to respect what he believes to be the prior claim of a young American, Dick Jennifer. She also tells him that Sir Francis Faiconnet has asked Ler to marry him, a marriage that he purposes to prevent.

Ere stong he discovers that he is in reality the principer of the Baronet, who intends to denounce him to Tarleton as a Continentia spy. He also learns that a powder convoy is to be sent out to arm the innesse for raise upon the pariotic Walls trying to secure with the map of the louis of this convoy, he is captured. Tarleton consume him to death, and during the night before he association hargery visits him. She andeavors the man the fine with being the mistress of frecton, who boildy securing that he is about to die, demands a secret married that he is about to die, demands secret married that he is about to die, demands elim.

Ireton is led out to execution, but asyed at the laten.

elaim.

Irston is led out to execution, but saved at the last moment by a band of patriots. Uncanoola, his indian playmate of boyhead days, informs him that Jennifer, too, has escaped lieton chances to find Jennifer surrounded by enemies, He resours Jennifer and the two engage in a series of adventures.

series of adventures.

Margery Start is kidnaped by Indians, John Weton, accompanied by Dick Jennifer and Ephricain I feates, as old hunter, set out to rescue her, After many adventures, they locate Margery and approach her. Falconnette's troopers then dash up and prevent Irston's party from alding her. Jennifer plans a new coup. The rescuers join the enemy camp and locate the tent in which Margery is held a captive. The rescuers are captured and about to be burned at the stake. They escape and rescue Margery Stair, She is taken to a place of safety. Ireton is persued by a ione horseman.

CHAPTER XXXVII-Continued

After first I scoffed at the idea. Saying were free to leave Charlotte, how should he be riding post on my haphazard road to the westward? 'Twas against all reason, and yet the tittuping figure of which I had but a rain-velled glimpse named itself Owen Pengarvin in spite of all the reasons I could bring to bear. "Twas close on eventide of the second day,

the early evening gloaming of a chill au-tumnal rainday, and I had been since morning dublously lost in the sember trackless forest, when an elfish cry rose, as it would seem, from beneath the very hoofs of my horse.

"God save the King!" The bay shied suddenly, standing with nostrils a-quiver; and I had to look closely to make out the little brown dot of humanity clad in russet homespun crouching in the path, its childish eyes wide with fear and its lips parted to shrill again; "God save the King!"

I threw a stiff leg over the cantle and swung down to go on one knee to my stout challenger. I can never make you under-stand, my dears, how the sight of this helpless waif appearing thus unaccountably in the heart of the great forest mellowed and Master Raphael might have taken as a pat-

tern for one of his scraphs.

What know you of the King, little one?" I asked, "Gran'dad told me," she lisped, "If I was to see a soldier-man I must say, quick, 'God save the King,' or 'haps he'd eat me. Is—is you hungry, Mister Soldier-man?'

Truly I am that, sweetheart; but I don't eat little maids. Where is your grand

"Ain't got any gran'favver; I said 'gran'-Well, your gran'dad, then; can you take

"I don't know. 'Haps you'd eat him." No fear of that, my dear. Do I look as

If I ate people"

She gave me a long scrutiny out of the innocent eyes and then put up two little brown hands to be taken. "I tired," she said; and my sore heart went warm within me when I took her in my arms and cudme when I took her in my arms and cud-died her. After a long-drawn sigh of con-tontment, she said: "My name Polly;

may call me Jack, if you please-Captain Jack, if that comes the easier, And now will you let me take you to your dded, and I spoke to the bay and

"Tell me quickly which way to go, Polly," taineers were go, the Broad on a sil said; for besides being, as I would fear, with 40 of the leg far out of the way to Gilbert Town, the

man bent and aged, a patriarchal figure with white hair falling to his shoulders and a snowy beard such as karon might have worn. At sight of me the old watcher disappeared within the house, but a moment later he was out again, fingering the lock of an ancient Ousen's-arm.

The old man made a gesture of impatience of the control of the man made a gesture of impatience of the control of the can make a gesture of impatience of the control of the can make a gesture of impatience of the control of the can make a gesture of impatience of the control of the can make a gesture of impatience of the control of the can make a gesture of impatience of the control of the can make a gesture of impatience of the control of the can make a gesture of impatience.

lock of an ancient Queen's-arm.

I drew rein quickly, and the little maid sat up and saw the musket.

"Don't shoot, gran'dad!" she cried. "He's Cappy Jack, and he doesn't eat folkses."

At this time the old man came to meet

held at ready.

"These be parious times, sir," he said, half in spology, I thought. And then: "You have made friends with my little maid, and I owe you somewhat for bringing her safe

"Nay," said I. "The debt is mine, inasmuch as I have the little one for my friend. Tis long since I have held a trusting child in my arms, I do assure you, sir." He bowed as grandly as any courtier.

"I hope her trust is not misplaced, sir; though for the matter of that, we have little enough now to take or leave." "You have given it all to the King?" said I, feeling my way as I had need to. His eyes flashed and he drew himself up proudly.
"The King has taken all, sir, as you

see," this with a wave of the hand to point me to the forlorn homestead. "There is naught left me save this poor hut and my little maid."
"Taken," you say? Then you are not of

the King's side? He came a step nearer and faced me boldly. "Listen, sir; two of my sons were left on the bloody field of Camden, and the butcher Banastre Tarleton siew the other two at Fishing Creek. A month since a band of roving savages, armed with King George's muskets, mind you, sir, came down upon us at Northby, and this little maid's mother-

little maid's mother—"

His stopped and choked; and the child looked up into my face with her blue eyes full of nameless terror. "Oh, I want my mammy!" she said. "Won't you find her for me, Cappy Jack?"

I slipped from the saddle, still clasping the little one tightly in my arms.
"Enough, sir," I said, when I could trust myself to speak. "This same King George's minious have made me a homeless outcast, too. I live but to give some counterstoke.

too. I live but to give some counter-stroke, if I may."

"Ha!" said the old man, starting back; "then you are for our side? But your uni-"Is that of an Austrian officer, my good

sir, which I should right gladly exchange for the buff and blue, but that I can serve the cause the better in this."

He dropped the Queen's-arm, took the child from me and bade me welcome to his cabin and all it held. But I was not minded

make him a sharer in my private peril. "No," said I. "Fell me how I may find Gilbert Town and Major Ferguson's rendexyous, and I will ride whilst I can see the he looked at me narrowly, "Ferguson

left Glibert Town some days since. If 'tis the place you seek, you are gone far out of your way; if 'tis the man."
"'Tis the man." I cut in hastliy.

The patriarch shook his head. "If you be of our side, as you say, he will hang you out of hand."
"So I can make my errand good, I care ittle how soon he hangs me. "And what may your errand be? Mayhap

I can help you."
"It is to bring him to a stand till the mountain men can overtake him." The old man trembled with excitement like a boy going into his first battle.
"Ah, if you could—if you could!" he cried. "Ah, if you could—if you could!" he cried.
"But 'tis too late, now. Listen: His present
camp is but three miles to the westward on
Buffalo Creek. I was there no longer ago
than the Wednesday. I—I made my submis-

sion to him-curse him-so that I might mayhan learn of his plans "Twas five full minutes before my ancient gave me the worth of his cogitations, but when he did speak it was much to the purpose.

"These marplot rear-guards of yours will spoil it all if they come to Ferguson's standing guard at the cabin door with the w, that now he was safe; that the mountaineers were gone off from the fording of the Broad on a false scent; that Tarle with 400 of the legion, would soon be march-

with their losing of his trail, the moun-tain men are those same two days behind

"None the less, we shall halt him," said L "Have you ever an inkhorn and a quill in your cabin?"
"Both; at your service, sir. But I cannot

"We may call it the little maid's judgment on those who have made her fatheriess. But for her stopping of me I should have come unprepared into the camp of the enemy. I am the bearer of a letter from Lord Cornwallis to this same Major Fergu-"You-a bearer of Lord Cornwallis's dis-

patches?" The old man put a blade's length between us and held the little one aloft as if he feared I might do her a mischief. I laughed and bade him he comforted. "Tis a long story, and I may not take

the time to tell it how. But a word win suffice, Like yourself, I made my submis-sion—and for the same purpose, hiy Lord ac-cepted it and made me his dispatch bearer because he thought I knew the way to Ferguson when no one else knew it. But enough of this; time presses. Let me have ink and the quill. The old man led the way into the cabin

and put his writing tools at my disposal. Left to myself, I should have broken the seal of the packet; but my wise o.d ally, cool and collected now, showed me how to split the paper beneath the wax. Opened and spread before us on the rude slab table, the letter proved to be the briefest of milithe letter proved to be the pricest of mit-tary commands: a peremptory order to Fer-guson to rejoin the main body at once, pro-ceeding by forced marches if needful, and on no account to risk engagement with

the over-mountain men.

How to change such an order to reverse it in effect, I knew no more than a yokel; but here again my ancient ally snowed himself a man of parts. Dressing the pen-to make it the fellow of that used by my Lord Cornwallis, he scanned the hand-writing of the letter closely, made a few practice pot-hooks to get the imitative hang of it, and wrote this proscriptum at the bottom of the sheet.

"Since writing the foregoing I have your courser and his dispatches. Lieutenant

courier and his dispatches. Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton, with 400 of the legion, will take the road for you to-night. If

will take the road for you make a stand and hold the enemy in check till reinforce-ments come. CORNWALLIS." The old man sanded the wet penstrokes and bade me say if it would serve. "Twas a most beautiful forgery. My Lord's crabbed handwriting was copied to a nicety, and of the two signatures I doubt if the Earl himself could have told which was his own; 'twas the same circle "C," the same printing "r," the same heavy precision through-

"Capitali" said L "Now, if the lightning would but strike these pursuers of mine, we should have the Scotsman at bay in a "How?" said the patriarch; "are you fol-

I told him I was; told him of my Lord's plot within a plot—that three light-horse riders, one of them a Lieutenant bearing duplicate dispatches, had been hard upon my heels all the way from Charlotte.

At this the old warhorse—I learned after-ward that he had fought through the French and Indian War—wagged his beard and his are forther. and his eye flashed. "We must stop them," he said. "Three

of them, do you say?'
"Three white men and an Indian trailer." "Three white men and an Indian trailer."
"Ha! If it were not for the little mak! . . Let me think."

He fell to pacing up and down before the fire on the hearth, and I took the small

one on my knee and let her chatter to me Twas five full minutes before my ancient gave me the worth of his cogitations, but when he did speak it was much to the pur-

Fishing Creek and cut down this little bathing in the stream? Was it fair fight when King George's Indian devils came down in the dead of night upon our de-fenseless house at Northby? Never talk to me of fairness, sir, while all this bloody

tyranny is afoot!"

I thought upon it for a little space.

Twas none so easy to decide. On one hand, stern loyalty to the cause I had espoused passed instant sentence on these four men whose lives stood in the way; four men whose lives stood in the way; on the other, common humanity cried out

and called it murder. and called it murder.

Never smile, my dears, and hint that I had found me a new heart of mercy since that ambush-killing of the three Cherosee peacemen in the lone valley of the Western mountains. We did but give the savages a dole out of their own store of cruel cunning and ferocity. But as for these my trackers, three of them, at least, were soldiers and men of my own race. I could not do it.

"No," said I, firmly. "These followers of the rough the stored as you say clear.

of mine must be stopped, as you say, else there is no need of my going on. But there must be no butcher's work."

The patriarch frowned and wagged his

beard again. "A true patriot should hold himself ready to give his own life or take another's."

"Truly; and I am most willing on both heads. But we have had enough and more than enough of midnight massacre. Where this argument would have led us in the end, I know not, since we were both waxing warm upon it. But in the midst the httle maid came running from the

open door, her blue eyes wide in child "Injun mani" was all she could say; but that was enough. At a bound I reached the door. An indian was at my horse's head, loosing the haiter, as I thought Be-fore he could twist to face me the point

of the Ferara was at his back.
Luckly, he had the wit not to mova.
"No kill Uncanoola," he muttered, this without the surring of a muscle. Then, as if he were taiking to the horse: "White

squaw, she send 'um word; say 'good-by.'" My point dropped as if another blade had parried the thrust. "Mistress Margery, you mean? Do you

"She send 'um word; say 'good-by,' " he repeated. What else did she say?" I demanded "No say anyting cise; say 'good-by."

He turned upon me at that and I saw why
he had kept his face averted. He had on the war paint of a Cherokee Chief.
"Uncanoola good Cherlakee now." he
grinned. "Help redcoat soldier find Cap-

tain Long-knife. Wah!" I saw his drift, and quickly thought I knew his courage, the boldness of the thing staggered me. He, too, had penetrated to the inner lines of the British encampme at Charlotte; and when they had sought an Indian tracker to lift my trial, 'twas he who had volunteered. But now my spirits rose. With this unexpected ally we

my rear guard.
"Where are your masters now?' I asked. He spat upon the ground. "Catawba chief has no master," he said, proudly. "Redcoat palefaces yonder," pointing the way I had come. "Make fire, boil sing song, heap smoke pipe." "We must take them," said L "Make fire, boil tes, He nodded. "Kill um all; take scalp.

The bloodthirstiness of my two allies was appalling. But I undertook to cool the In-dian's ardor, explaining that the redcoat coldiers were the Longknife's brothers, in a way, not to be siain save in honorable battle I am not sure whether I earned the Catawba's contempt or his pity for my

camp either before or after you. Do they know the Major's present whereabouts?"

"No more than I did an hour ago. As I take, it, they are depending on me to show them the way."

"Well, then; dead men tell no tales."

"But, my good friend, you forget there are four of them and only two of us! We should stand little chance with them in fair fight."

Again the old man's eyes snapped and glowed as if pent-fires were behind them. "Was it fair fight when Tarleton's men rode in upon Tom Sumter's rest camp at Fishing Creek and cut down this little is a safery gue twould bring down a pattering to the meantime ignorance is your best the meantim volley of lodged raindrops on the fallen

Uncanools sat spart in stoical silence, smoking his long-stemmed pipe. The old man and I talked in low tones, or, rather, he would tell me of his past while I sat and After a time the child fell asleep, and I craved permission to put her in the little orib in the chimney corner. The flickering the wave of softness submerged me, and I bent to leave a kiss upon the sweet uncon-

acious lips.

Ahl my dears, you may smile again if you will; but at that moment I had a far-off glimpse of the beatitude of fatherhood; I was no longer the hard old soldier I gering and thirsting for the love of a wife

I rose, turning my back upon the chimney corner and its holdings with a sigh. For now the time was come for action, and I must needs be a man of blood and iron again.

Lacking the Catawba to guide us I doubt if either the old man or I could have found my rear-guard's bivousc near the trail I had left. But Uncanoola led us straight through the pitchy darkness; and were come upon the three soldiers we found them all asleep around the handful of

forgot his wrongs and was as merciful as himself with a stout war-club, and before I the sentry, but finally he passed the word for the guard-captain and we were escorted to the tent of the field commander.

I marked the encampment as I could in old man's intervention.

As for the officer, I had flung myself up-

on him in the rush and was having a pretty handful of him. But though he was broad in the shoulders and as agile as a cat, he was taken at a sleeping man's disadvantage, and so I presently had the better of him. "Enough, man! "Tis as good as a feast!" he cried when I had him fast pinioned, and thereupon I let him have breath and free dom to sit up. In the act he had his first good sight of me, as I had mine of him, Twas Tybes and no other.

"Gad, my Captain," he said, feeling his throat. "If you have a grip like that for

your friends, I'm damned glad I'm not you acedly, yet thankful to the finger-tips tha I had not consented to a massacre. "I am for the Congress and the Commonwealth, trouble you for the dispatches you carry? He looked up at me with a queer grimad

tain Iretoni Whatever you were in that coll at Appleby, you've led the spy's long suit this time. And I'm not sure whether like you any the worse for it, if so you

two stunned troopers, I meant to turn them over to the old man for safe-keeping; but was loth to make it harder than need be or this good-natured youngster. So I pu im upon his honor.
"Do you know what this packet con-He laughed, "My Lord did not honor me

with his confidence. I was to follow you in to Major Ferguson's camp, deliver the in to Major Ferguson's camp, deliver the dispatches and vanish."

"Good; then you need tell no lies. When the Indian has fetched my horse I shall ride to Ferguson's camp, and you may ride with me. I shall ask ne more than this, that you do not fight again until you are exchanged; and that you will not tell Major Ferguson whose prisoner you are. Do you lit. In that clock-tick of benumbing despair when the success of the hazardous venture. accept the terms?"

"Gad! I'd be a fool not to. But what's

in the wind, Captain? Surely you can tell me, now that I am safely out of the running."

his directions from our patriarch. We pressed forward in silence through the shadowy labyrinth of the wood for a time, but at the crossing of a small runlet

CHAPTER XXXVIIL

In Which We Find the Gun-Maker. As you may be sure, Major Patrick Fer-guson was far too good a soldier to leave his camp unguarded on any side, and whilst we were yet a far cannot shot from the glimmering fires a sentry's challenge

To the man's "Halt! Who goes there?" I gave the word "Friends," salving n conscience for the needful lie as I might.

halted us.

I confessed my ignorance of the nightamp-fire.

"Twould have been murder outright to kill prisoner and a bearer of dispatches, and nem thus; and now I think the old patriarch asking that we be taken to Major Fergusen's headquarters. There was some little cautious demurring on the part of

I marked the encampment as I could in passing through it. The little army was three-fourths made up of Tory militia; and there was drinking and song-sing ing and plenty of lack of discipline around the camp-fires of these auxiliaries. But a different air was abread in the camp of the regulars; you would see a soldierly alertness on the part of the men, and there was no roistering in that quarter. Major Ferguson's tent was on a hillock

Major Ferguson's tent was on a hillock some distance back from the stream, and thither we were conducted; we, I say, meaning Tybes and myself, for Uncancola had disappeared like a whilft of smoke at our challenging on the sentry line.

Late as it was, the major was up and hard at work. His tent table, transformed for the time into a mechanic's work bench, was littered with gun-barrels and tools and screws and odd-shaped pieces of mechanism—the disjointed parts of that breech-loading musket of which the ingenious Scotchman was the inventor.

was the inventor.

Being deep in the creative trance when w

outward ear only when Tybes reported his mission, and his capture and parole. "From my Lord, ye say? I hope ye left him well," was all the answer the Lieutenant got, the inventor fitting away at his gun-puzzle the while.

Tybee made proper rejoinder and stood His query set me thinking. As for the aside to give me room. I drew a sealed inclosure from my pocket and laid it on the

work-bench table

"I also have the honor to come from my Lord Cornwallis, bringing dispatches"-so far I got in my cut-and-dried speech, and tence than could a man suddenly nipped in a vise. Instead of the carefully doctored

original, I had given the histor the dupli-cate dispatch taken from Tybee.

Ah, my dears, that was a moment for swift thought and still swifter action; and 'tis the Ireton genius to be slow and sure and no wise "gleg at the uptak"," as a Scot when the success of the hazardous led me of a boylah trick wherewith I used to fright the timid blacks in the

at the heels of the Catawba who had taken ly-burly I contrived to sprawi all across the work-bench table, and the packet which

his directions from our patriarch.

We pressed forward in silence through the shadowy labyrinth of the wood for a time, but at the crossing of a small runlet where we would stop to let the horses drink, Tybee burst out a laughing.

"The sa good as a play," he said. "These several times I've had to change my mind about you, Captain Ireton, and I'm not cock-sure I have your measure yet. But I'll say this: if you've struing my Lord successfully, you'll be the first to do it and come off alive in the end."

"The end is not yet, my good friend; and I may not come off better than the others," I rejoined. And with that we fared on again till we could see the camp-fires of Ferguson's little army twinkling between the tree trunks.

CHAPTER XXXVIIL.

second in command, and in the same breath gave Types and me in charge to an ensign for our billeting for the night.

You will conceive that I was overjoyed at this seemingly safe and easy planting of the petard which was to blow my Lord Cornwallis's plans into the air; and icipation I saw the tide-turning battle and neard the huzzas of the mountaineer vicagainst hallooing before you're out of the wood. Captain de Peyster was come, and Tybes and I were taking Typee and I were taking our leave of the Major, when there was a sudden commotion among the guards without, and a little man in black, his wig awry and his clothing ton ing torn by the rough man-handling of the sentries, burst into the tent. "Seize him! seize him! he is a rebel spy?"

"Seize him! seize him! he is a rebei spyrhe shrieked, pointing at me.
As you would guess, all talk paused at
this dramatic interruption, and all eyes
were turned upon me. Had the little vipes
been content to rest his charge upon the
simple accusation, I know not what might
have happened; but when he got his breath
he burst out in a tirade of the foulest abuse,
cursing me up one side and down the other,
and ending in a gibbering fit of rage that
lafe him pallid and foaming at the lips and ending in a gibbering fit of rage that left him pallid and foaming at the lips-

and gave me my cue.

"Tis the little madman of Queensborough," I said coolly, explaining to the bluff Major. "His mania takes the form of a Major, "His mania takes the form of a major." curious hatred for me, though I know not why. Two days since, he was put in arrest by my Lord's authority for threatening my life and that of his master's daughter. Now, it would seem, he has broken jail and fol-lowed me hither."

"A lunatic, eh? He looks it, every fnoh," said the Major; and the blackguard lawyer, hearing my counter accusation, was doing his best to give it a savor of likelihood by fleshing, frantically at the savor of likelihood by fighting frantically with the two soldiers who had followed him into the tent. "Out wi' him?" commanded the Major.
"We've no time to foolish away wi' a Bed-laulte. Take him away and peg him out, and gi' him a dash o' water to cool his

Pengarvin fought like a fury, and his venomous rage defeated all his attempts to say calmly the words which might have got him a hearing. So he was hauled away, spitting and struggling like a trapped wildcat; and when we were rid of him the Ma-

for bade us good night again.

Tybes held his peace like a good fellow till we had rolled us in our blankets before one of the camp fires. But just as I was dropping asleep he broke out with, "I would you might tell me what plece of rebel villainy this is that I've been a winking accomplice to."

complice to."

I laughed. "'Tis a thing to make Major Ferguson rejoice, as you saw. And surely, it can be no great villainy to give a man what he's thirsting for. Bide your time, Lieutenant, and you shall see the outcome."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Thunder of the Captains and the The camp was astir early the next more

ing, and it soon became noised about that we were to fall back, but only so far an might be needful to find a strong position.

From this it was evident that a battle was imminent, though as yet there were no signs of the approach of the patriots.

TO BE CONTINUED.